



Stephanie J. Foley
soprano
Nana Wolfe, piano

Graduate Recital

Sunday, April 24, 2005
7:30 pm
Recital Hall, School of Music



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

Program

Serate Musicali

La Promessa
La Danza

Gioacchino Rossini

(1792-1868)

Frauenliebe und Leben

Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Ich kann's nicht faßen
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helfst mir, ihr Schwestern
Süßer Freund
An meinem Herzen
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

Intermission

Soleils Couchants

Élégie
Versailles
Soir d'Hiver

Nadia Boulanger

(1887-1979)

Richard Cory
Luke Havergal
Miniver Cheevy

John Duke

(1899-1984)

In partial fulfillment of the degree requirements for the
Master of Music in Performance

The hall is equipped with a listening assistance system.
Patrons needing such assistance should contact an usher in the lobby.

Gioacchino Rossini:

La promessa

poem by Pietro Metastasio

Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare,
No, nol credete, pupille care,
Ne men per gioco v'ingannerò.

Voi foste e siete le mie faville,
E voi sarete, care pupille,
Il mio bel foco finch'io vivrò.

La danza

poem by Carlo Pepoli

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia si salterà,
l'ora è bella per danzare
chi è in amor non mancherà.

Presto in danza a tondo,
donne mie venite quà,
un garzon bello e giocondo
a ciascuna toccherà,
finchè in ciel brilla una stella
e la luna splenderà.
Il più bel con la più bella
tutta notte danzerà.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche
mamma mia, si salterà,
La la ra la ra...

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
già s'avvanza sì ritira
e all' assalto tornerà.

Serra, serra colla bionda
Colla bruna va quà e là,
colla rossa v' a seconda
colla smorta fermo stà!
Viva il ballo a tondo a tondo
sono un Rè, sono un Bascià,
è il più bel piacer del mondo
la più cara voluttà.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia si salterà.
Frinche frinche frinche frinche
mamma mia, si salterà,
La la ra la ra...

The promise

That I will ever be able to stop loving you
No, don't believe it, dear eyes!
Not even to joke would I deceive you about this.

You alone are my sparks,
and you will be, dear eyes,
my beautiful fire as long as I live, ah!

The dance

Already the moon dips into the sea,
My goodness, she'll jump right in;
The hour is pleasant for dancing,
and no one in love would want to miss.

Swiftly dancing round and round,
My dear ladies, come to me,
See a handsome smiling fellow
Willing to dance with every one.
While the evening star shines in the sky
And the moon glows brightly,
The most handsome with the fairest
Will dance the night away.

My goodness, my goodness,
Already the moon dips into the sea,
My goodness, my goodness,
My goodness, she'll jump right in;
frinche, frinche, frinche, frinche
My goodness, she'll jump right in;
La la ra la ra...

Jump, jump, turn and turn,
Every couple circling round,
Back and forth and over again
And return where you began.

Hold on tightly to the blonde,
Take the brunette here and there,
Take the redhead for a turn,
The wallflower you'd better not touch.
Hooray for dancing round and round,
I'm a king, a pasha too,
This is the greatest pleasure on earth,
And the dearest passion!

My goodness, my goodness,
Already the moon dips into the sea,
My goodness, my goodness,
My goodness, she'll jump right in;
frinche, frinche, frinche, frinche
My goodness, she'll jump right in;
La la ra la ra...

Robert Schumann:
Frauenliebe und Leben
(A Woman's Love and Life)
poems by Adelbert von Chamisso

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Segnen viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Since I saw him

Since I saw him
I believe myself to be blind,
where I but cast my gaze,
I see him alone.
as in waking dreams
his image floats before me,
dipped from deepest darkness,
brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless
everywhere around me,
for the games of my sisters
I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep,
silently in my little chamber,
since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind.

He, the most glorious of all

He, the most glorious of all,
O how mild, so good!
lovely lips, clear eyes,
bright mind and steadfast courage.

Just as yonder in the blue depths,
bright and glorious, that star,
so he is in my heavens,
bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Meander, meander thy paths,
but to observe thy gleam,
but to observe in meekness,
but to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
consecrated only to thy happiness,
thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,
lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all
may make happy thy choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty one,
many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep,
blissful, blissful I'll be then;
if my heart should also break,
break, O heart, what of it?

Ich kann's nicht faßen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht faßen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
"Ich bin auf ewig dein,"
Mir war's - ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O laß im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligsten Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

I can't grasp it, nor believe it

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
a dream has bewitched me,
how should he, among all the others,
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,
"I am thine eternally",
It seemed - I dream on and on,
It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,
cradled on his breast,
let the most blessed death drink me up
in tears of infinite bliss.

Thou ring on my finger

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips
piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself along and lost
in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,
thou hast taught me for the first time,
hast opened my gaze unto
the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,
belong to him entire,
Give myself and find myself
transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon lips,
piously upon my heart.

Help me, ye sisters

Help me, ye sisters,
friendly, adorn me,
serve me, today's fortunate one,
busily wind
about my brow
the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,
of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,
so he called ever out,
yearning in his heart,
impatient for the present day. — *continued*

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verschuechen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Daß ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Laß mich in Andacht,
Laß mich in Demut,
Laß mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüß ich mit Wehmut
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Süßer Freund, du blickest

Süßer Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen
Wie ich weinen kann;
Laß der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir.

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüßt ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weißt du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann?
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Daß ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Help me, ye sisters,
help me to banish
a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear
eyes receive him,
him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,
thou appear to me,
givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?
Let me with devotion,
let me in meekness,
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,
strew him with flowers,
bring him budding roses,
but ye, sisters,
I greet with melancholy,
joyfully departing from your midst.

Sweet friend, thou gazest

Sweet friend, thou gazest
upon me in wonderment,
thou canst not grasp it,
why I can weep;
Let the moist pearls'
unaccustomed adornment
tremble, joyful-bright,
in my eyes.

How anxious my bosom,
how rapturous!
If I only knew, with words,
how I should say it;
come and bury thy visage
here in my breast,
I want to whisper in thy ear
all my happiness.

Knowest thou the tears,
that I can weep?
Shouldst thou not see them,
thou beloved man?
Stay by my heart,
feel its beat,
that I may, fast and faster,
hold thee.

Here, at my bed,
the cradle shall have room,
where it silently conceals
my lovely dream;
the morning will come
where the dream awakes,
and from there thy image
shall smile at me.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!
Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;
Nur eine Mutter weiß allein
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!
Du lieber, lieber Engel, du
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlaßne vor sich hin,
Die Welt is leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

**Nadia Boulanger:
Soleils Couchants**
poem by Paul Verlaine

Une aube affaiblie
Verse par les champs
La mélancolie
Des soleils couchants.
La mélancolie
Berce de doux chants
Mon coeur qui s'oublie
Aux soleils couchants.
Et d'étranges rêves
Comme des soleils
Couchants sur les grèves,
Fantômes vermeils,
Défilent sans trêves,
Défilent, pareils
À des grands soleils
Couchants sur les grèves.

At my heart, at my breast

At my heart, at my breast,
thou my rapture, my happiness!
The joy is the love, the love is the joy,
I have said it, and won't take it back.

I've thought myself rapturous,
but now I'm happy beyond that.
Only she that suckles, only she that loves
the child, to whom she gives nourishment;
Only a mother knows alone
what it is to love and be happy.

O how I pity then the man
who cannot feel a mother's joy!
Thou dear, dear angel thou,
thou lookst at me and smiles!

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain

Now thou hast given me, for the first time,
pain,
how it struck me.
Thou sleepest, thou hard, merciless man,
the sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes straight ahead,
the world is void.
I have loved and lived, I am
no longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself,
the veil falls,
there I have thee and my lost happiness,
O thou my world!

Setting Suns

A weakened dawn
Spreads over the fields
The melancholy
Of setting suns.
Melancholy
Cradles with tender songs
My oblivious heart
Amid setting suns.
And strange dreams
Like setting suns
On beaches,
Vermillion ghosts,
Process ceaselessly,
Process, like
Great suns
Setting on the beaches.

Elegie

poem by Albert Samain

Une douceur splendide et sombre
Flotte sous le ciel étoilé
On dirait que làhaut dans l'ombre
Un paradis s'est écroulé

Et c'est comme l'odeur ardente
L'odeur fiévreuse dans l'air noir
D'une chevelure d'amante
Dénouée à travers le soir.

Tout l'espace languit de fièvres
Du fond des coeurs mystérieux
S'en viennent mourir sur les lèvres
Des mots qui font fermer les yeux

Et de ma bouche où s'évapore
Le parfum des bonheurs derniers
Et de mon coeur vibrant encore
S'élèvent de vagues pities
Pour tous ceux là qui sur la terre
Par un tel soir tendant les bras
N'ont point dans leur coeur solitaire
Un nom à sangloter tout bas.

Versailles

poem by Albert Samain

Ô Versailles, par cette après-midi fanée,
Pourquoi ton souvenir m'obsède-t-il ainsi?
Les ardeurs de l'été s'éloignent, et voici
Que s'incline vers nous la saison surannée.

Je veux revoir au long d'une calme journée
Tes eaux glauques que jonche
Un feuillage roussi,
Et respirer encore,
Un soir d'or adouci,
Ta beauté plus touchante au déclin de l'année.

Comme un grand lys tu meurs,
Noble et triste, sans bruit;
Et ton onde épuisée au bord
Moisi des vasques
S'écoule, douce ainsi qu'un sanglot
Dans la nuit.

Soir d'Hiver

poem by Nadia Boulanger

Une jeune femme berce son enfant:
Elle est seule, elle pleure, mais elle chante,
Car il faut bien qu'il entende
La chanson douce tender pout qu'il s'endorme.

"Voici Noël, mon petit enfant bleu.
Les cloches sonneront
Pour que tu sois joyeux."

Elegy

A sweetness splendid and somber
Hovers beneath the starry sky
As if above in the darkness
A paradise has collapsed

And it is like the ardent fragrance
The exciting fragrance in the black air
Of one's lover's hair
Having become undone through the evening

The entire space is weakened by fevers
From the depths of mysterious hearts
Come words which make one close one's eyes
To die away on the lips

And from my mouth which exudes
The perfume of past happiness
And from my heart trembling still
Rises of vague compassion
For all those there on earth
On such an evening extending the arms
Have in their lonely hearts
No name to sob deep inside.

Versailles

Oh Versailles, by this faded afternoon,
Why does your memory obsess me thus?
The heats of the summer move away, and here
The past season inclines itself towards us.

I want to see again with the length of calms day
Your glaucous water that strews
A turned russet foliage,
And to breathe again,
An evening of softened gold,
Your most touching beauty at the end of the year.

As a large lily you die,
Noble and sad, without noise;
And your wave exhausted at the
Mildewed edge of the basins
Run out, soft like a sob
In the night.

Winter Evening

A young woman rocks her child:
She is alone, she cries, but she sings,
For he needs to hear
The song, sweet and tender, for him to fall asleep.

"Christmas has come, my little blue child.
The bells will ring
For you to be cheerful."

Celui qu'elle aime est parti...
Et la chanson s'arrête!
Elle dit:
"Où est-il à cette heure?
Entend-il ma voix?
Et sait-il que je vis?"

Elle pleure simplement
Que le cœur en a mal.
Elle regarde son fils
Et cherche s'il ressemble
À celui qu'elle attend inlassablement
De toute son âme, de toute sa tendresse!

Elle pleure, mais elle espère!
Elle entend de loin la Victoire,
Elle devine la lutte sans merci,
Mais elle croit à la Justice,
Elle sait que toute une vie s'est donnée,
Joyeuse et fière, et elle attend,
Auprès de ce berceau si petit,
Quitte le cœur d'un homme.

The one she loves is gone away...
And the song stops
She says:
"Where is he at this time?
Does he hear my voice?
And does he know I am alive?"

She weeps so simply
That the heart aches.
She looks at her son
And searches whether he resembles
The one for whom she waits untiringly,
With all her soul, with all her tender love!

She weeps, but she hopes!
She hears the Victory from afar,
She anticipates the fight without mercy,
But she believes in Justice,
She knows that a whole life has been given,
Joyful and proud, and she waits,
Beside the cradle so small,
Which holds the heart of a man.

John Duke:
Richard Cory
poem by E.A. Robinson

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said, "Good morning,"
And he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich, yes richer than a king,
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

Luke Havergal
poem by E.A. Robinson

Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal
There where the vines cling crimson on the wall,
And in the twilight wait for what will come.

The leaves will whisper there of her, and some,
Like flying words, will strike you as they fall;
But go, and if you listen she will call.
Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal
Luke Havergal.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this,
Out of a grave I come to quench the kiss
That flames upon your forehead with a glow
That blinds you to the way that you must go.
Yes, there is yet one way to where she is,
Bitter, but one that faith may never miss.
Out of a grave I come to tell you this
To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.
Go, for the winds are tearing them away,
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,
Nor any more to feel them as they fall;
But go, and if you trust her she will call.
There is the western gate, Luke Havergal
Luke Havergal.

Miniver Cheevy
poem by E.A. Robinson

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
Would send him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly

Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing:
He missed the medieval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without it;
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.



THE UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO



The UNCG School of Music has been recognized for years as one of the elite music institutions in the United States. Fully accredited by the National Association of Schools of Music since 1938, the School offers the only comprehensive music program from undergraduate through doctoral study in both performance and music education in North Carolina. From a total population of approximately 14,000 university students, the UNCG School of Music serves nearly 600 music majors with a full-time faculty and staff of more than sixty. As such, the UNCG School of Music ranks among the largest Schools of Music in the South.

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For information regarding music as a major or minor field of study, please write:

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